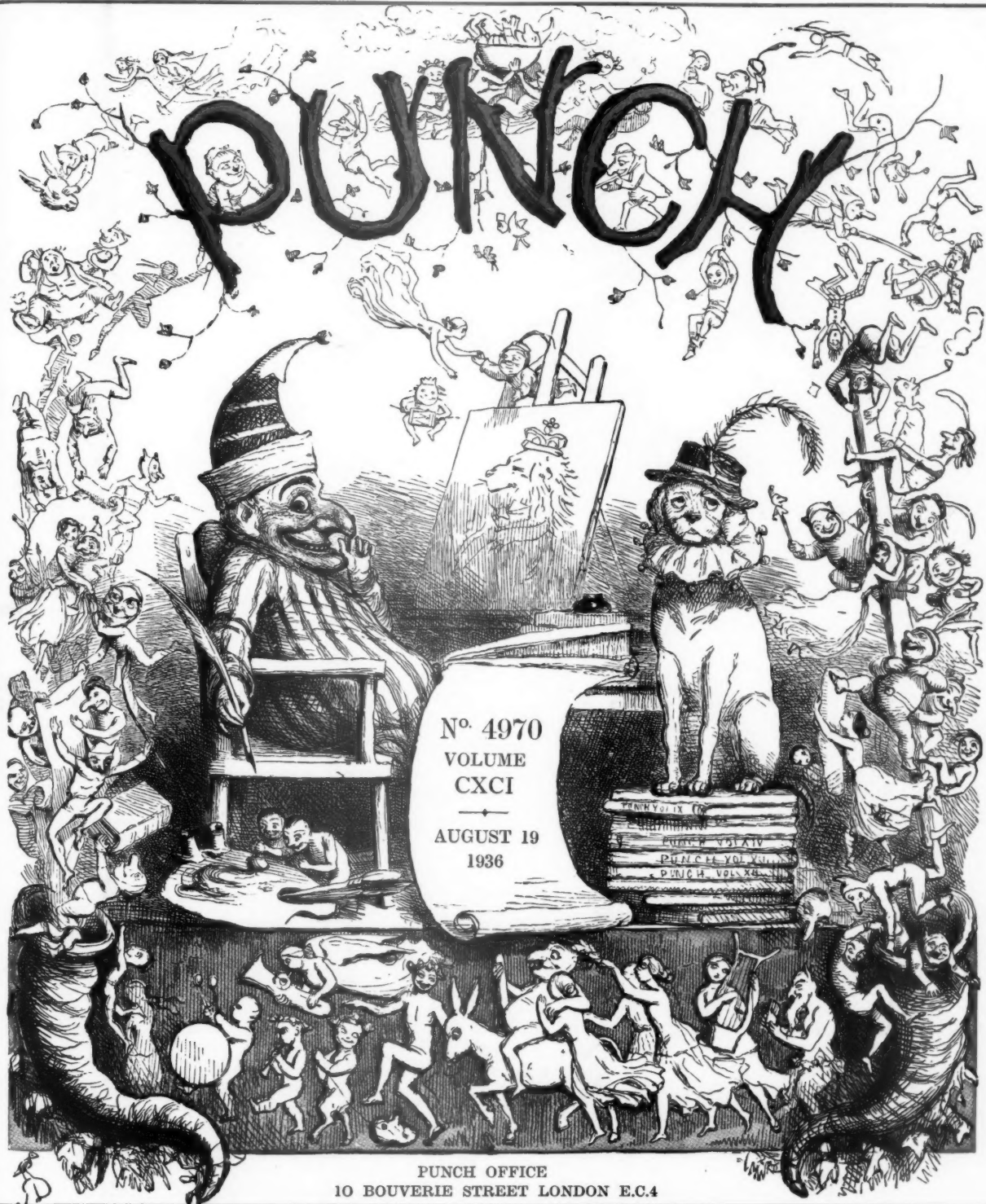


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Charivaria.



ACCORDING to an oculist not every man who wears a monocle has a weak eye. After all, you never see anyone wearing a glass hat.

★ ★ ★

Both the Government forces and the insurgents persist in claiming a victory in the same battle near Madrid. They really ought to wait for the verdict of the slow-motion film.

★ ★ ★

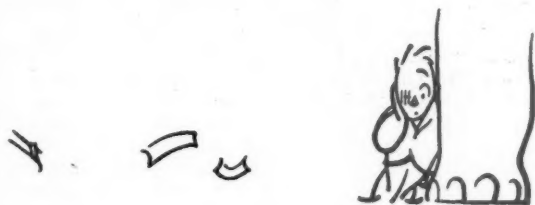
A golfer who never tired of telling his fellow-members all about the time he holed out in one has just left a London club. It is said they miss the patter of his little feat.

★ ★ ★

Laundries nowadays have wonderful methods of identifying articles sent to them. Some even seem to file one's stiff collars for reference.

★ ★ ★

The Chinese make razors from old horseshoes exported from Sheffield. So now we know where our barber goes wrong—he will not remember to take out the nails.



The elephant, we are assured by a zoologist, is lighter on its feet than the famed gazelle. All the same, poets in love are strongly advised to stick to gazelle.

★ ★ ★

The International Chess Tourney opened at Nottingham last week. We gather that the play has been a trifle rough at times—at all events several men have already been sent off the board.

★ ★ ★

A young lady working at a post-office counter was knocked senseless by a telephone directory which fell from a shelf, and a doctor had to be summoned. Fortunately, however, he only found it necessary to put a few stitches in the jumper she was knitting.

★ ★ ★

A London street-vendor claims that he can make ice-cream more quickly than anyone else in the British Isles; but it sounds to us rather too much like blowing one's own cornet.

To save the frequent embarrassment of congratulating acquaintances on engagements that have just been broken off, we understand that a new weekly is about to appear, entitled *Who's Whose*.

★ ★ ★

Commercialism has even invaded the jungle. A wild animal photographer reports that his latest pictures were spoiled because the elephants charged so much.

★ ★ ★

An American meteorologist has stated that he would welcome an opportunity of studying our summer weather. Some is accordingly being sent over to him in a bottle.



Two members of an Anti-Superstition Society were married recently. The happy couple left the church under an archway of crossed eyes.

★ ★ ★

A South American scientist has discovered a frog so marked that it appears to be wearing white spats. The most probable explanation is that this is the frog who would a-wooing go.

★ ★ ★

"What is worse than sleeping on a lumpy bed?" asks a man who is dissatisfied with arrangements at his boarding-house. Lying awake on a lumpy bed.

★ ★ ★

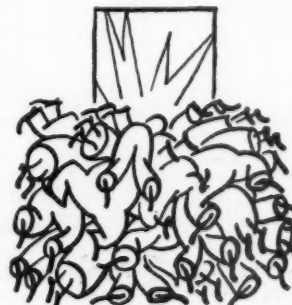
A newspaper paragraph tells us that it is possible to experience the sensation of sea-sickness without going on the water at all. There is always some good news in the paper if you only know where to look for it.

★ ★ ★

"From what does the average columnist suffer?" asked a writer the other day. He now wishes to express his gratitude to all his correspondents who gave "rumourism" as the answer, and to explain that they are too many to thank individually.

★ ★ ★

A young inventor is reported to be trying to sell the patent rights of a mirror which is said to make people appear beautiful. This should most certainly be looked into.



Studies in Food.

THE inquiry recently conducted by *The Morning Post* into what people eat wins my enthusiastic approbation. One likes to know these things. What is the good of going blindly about the day's work in ignorance of what duchesses and lacrosse-players are eating? How can we lead balanced lives unless we know what differences are to be traced between the food habits of bishops and foot-and-mouth inspectors? These are questions of wide interest, and reach (if I may borrow a phrase from *The Morning Post*) to the heart of dietetic problems.

So one applauds that excellent paper for its painstaking collection from persons of varying ages, sexes and occupations of "frank statements as to what they normally eat." The result will be, I fancy, an eye-opener to many. Who can read without emotion that "A Civil Servant" has "an egg in some form and a piece of toast" at breakfast? And what must be the feelings of us all at the news that A. H. PADGHAM puts away "bread-and-butter or toast, and sometimes salad, and possibly cake" at tea. Startling, eh?

"A Well-known Company Chairman" admits, with the utmost frankness, that he has a sandwich and a glass of light wine for lunch. No concealment, you see. He makes a clean breast of the whole thing and just says flatly you can take it or leave it but that's what he has in the middle of the day. Good, isn't it? I wonder how many well-known company chairmen got up and had a good look at themselves in the mirror when they read about that single glass of light wine.

This business of finding out about people's ordinary everyday habits ought to be pushed further. I hope *The Morning Post* will follow it up. I hope they will now set themselves to collect a series of frank statements as to what people normally wear. It ought to teach us a lot. "In the morning," writes a Well-known Chartered Accountant, "I generally slip on a set of thin silk underwear (or pure wool if the

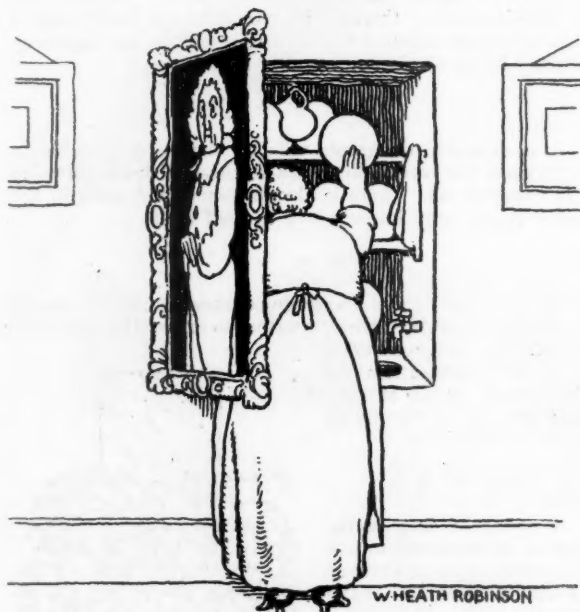
weather is at all chilly) and a shirt of subdued pattern with collar to match. I then draw over my lower limbs a pair of well-creased pin-stripe trousers which I secure by means of light-grey elastic straps, or braces, passing from the back up over the shoulders and down again to the anterior or frontal portion of the trouserings; while a coat and waistcoat of some black durable material suffice to cover the upper part of my body. Black socks and shoes and possibly a tie complete my costume. I do not use top-hats. In the evening I wear whatever happens to be lying about, and I always put on pyjamas the last thing at night. Night-shirts, never."

But to return to food. A. G. K. BROWN, one learns, eats fish regularly. If then one aspires to the fitness and physique of this great quarter-miler it is clearly a good thing to eat lots of fish. Get mackerel-minded. But wait. What does JESSE OWENS say? "If there is one thing more than another that I avoid," cries the 100 and 200 metres Olympic champion, "it is fish." So where are we now? Must we conclude that if we wish to be as fit as Mr. BROWN we should wallow in fish, but that if our hope is to be as fit as Mr. OWENS (who is presumably even fitter) we must avoid it like the plague? Surely there is something wrong here? Or can it be that for those anxious to travel at great speeds over distances up to and including 200 metres (or say 219 yards in English measure) a fishless course is set, but that to keep it going for another two hundred calls for the stamina which only lashings of cod and whole barrels of herrings can supply? I cannot accept such a thesis. No, no. The more one studies the replies to *The Morning Post* inquiry the more irresistibly one is drawn to the astounding conclusion that there is no rule for eating. These people simply eat what they like and as much as they like; and, provided they don't go on eating long after they've had as much as they can possibly take, they survive. In the beautiful words of HOCKERT, the Finnish long-distance runner, "I eat enough, but never exceed the mark."

The only complaint I have to make against *The Morning Post* collection of menus is that it is a little colourless. There is plenty of frankness about bacon-and-eggs for breakfast, green salads for lunch, and perhaps an omelette for the evening meal, but somehow one misses the VITELLIVS touch. Nobody writes to say that for supper he likes a dish compounded of livers of charfish, the brains of pheasants and peacocks, with the tongues of flamingoes, and the entrails of lampreys. I cannot understand why this should be so. Surely there are still gourmands in our midst? Is there no modern Gargantua to send *The Morning Post* interviewer away with something more substantial than a flea in his ear: "Dinner I make the chief meal of the day, say sixteen oxen, three heifers, two-and-thirty calves, three-score-and-three fat kids, four-score-and-fifteen wethers, three hundred farrow pigs soused in sweet wine or musk . . . together with seven score pheasants and some dozens of queests, cushats, ringdoves and woodculvers; river-fowl, teals and awteals, bitterns, courtes, plovers, francolins, briganders, tyrasons, young lapwings, tame ducks, shovellers, woodlanders, herons, moor-hens, criels, storks, canepetiers, flamans, which are phoenixopters, or crimson-winged sea-fowls, terrigoles, turkeys, arbens, coots, solan geese, curlews, termagants and water-wagtails, with a great deal of cream, curds and fresh cheese, and store of soup, pottages and brewis with great variety." One cannot help feeling that Miss MARIE TEMPEST's dinner of "soup and possibly fish or chicken" sounds a little jejune after this.

Still, it is nice to think that next time one sits down to one's bread-and-butter or toast, and possibly cake, one will be able to say, "Why, dash it all, I'm having a real PADGHAM tea."

H. F. E.



FLAT-LIFE.
THE SCULLERYETTE.



THE LUNATIC AT LARGE.

MR. HORE-BELISHA. "I'M DOING ALL I CAN; BUT HOW CAN ANYONE COPE WITH THIS?"



"EXCUSE ME, BUT HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF A CONDUCTED MOONLIGHT RAMBLING-PARTY?"

Phrase-Books for the New Europe.

SOMETHING ought to be done about phrase-books. They just don't fit up-to-date travel in Europe. I thought I was well enough equipped with a book that told me how to buy oranges, how to turn down a room at a hotel (This room is too small, too large, too hot, too draughty, too dear; show me another). It told me how to chat wittily with the porter about registered luggage and the proper size of tips. It even gave the outline of a glorious row with the taximan which I should love to have the nerve to make in English. So much for ideals. But in practical matters of modern travel, alas! it left out the pith of the matter.

What is wanted is a really up-to-date phrase-book, suitable for all climes, countries and politics. It should run something like this:—

At the Hotel.

Have you any politics in this town? No? Then we shall stay here.

What is that noise outside our window? Is it a gun, a rifle, a bomb, a machine-gun?

We (fem.) will stay inside the hotel.

Give us a room which does not face the street. Give us a room which does not face anything. Give us a room in the cellar.

Sir, do not train that machine-gun on this window. We wish to go to bed. Chambermaid, sweep up these bullets and that plaster. We wish (impt.) to go to the cellar.

In the Street.

We will put our arms in the air. No, Sir, we have not a revolver, a rifle, a machine-gun. No, we have not an automatic up our trouser-legs. Does your Excellency permit us to lower our arms? We have fatigue. Very well, do not get excited. We will keep them raised.

No, we are not taking military photographs with our camera. It (he) does not work.

Please do not gesticulate with that revolver. It might go off (explode itself). Now please do not rest it against your stomach. Someone might jog your elbow. It is of no consequence. You know best. Good-bye, Sir.

At the Town Hall.

Is it graciously permitted that we speak to the DUKE, General, Colonel, Sergeant, Drummer-boy? Very well, we will speak to the Postman.

Have we your Excellency's permission to take a walk? We wish to go for a walk because we are English. We will die if we do not take a walk. This will cause an international incident.

Please write us a permit to take a walk. Please have this permit signed by the DUKE, General, Colonel, Sergeant, Drummer-boy. All of them if possible. A thousand thanks, General.

Asking Directions.

Do we proceed past this field-gun, or that machine-gun nest? Not if we wish to be healthy.

Should we proceed on (the) all-fours?

Shall we ask this policeman the way? No, he will arrest us.

Sentry, here is our pass. What a pity you cannot read. Never mind. It is a most excellent pass.

Here are our passports. The photographs are us. You doubt it? Thank you, Sir.

We are going in this direction, if it please you. Is there plenty of cover? How far does your rifle carry? Never mind; it is of no consequence. We were just asking (inf.).

No, we were not laughing at the Republic, the Army, the Fuehrer, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. We were not laughing at all. We do not laugh. Are we under arrest?

In Jail.

(This section is totally missing in my phrase-book.)

Must you search our luggage? That is not high explosive. It is tooth-powder. Have the bounty to put back the small change. No, we have no guns up our trouser-legs.

Without doubt we would (subj.) complain to the British Consul if he was not (subj.) fifty miles away.

Have we committed treason, *lèse majesté*, espionage, champerty, dangerous thoughts?

How much costs a good funeral?

No, we are not Marxists, Fascists, Syndicalists, Anarchists, Theosophists, Reactionaries, Revolutionaries. We are English tourists. We came here to enjoy ourselves (subj.). We think your country is wonderful. We wish to leave at once. Have the goodness to procure for us a car, charabanc, horse, mule, donkey, wheel-barrow.

Are they firing that gun at this jail? Are the walls of the jail high, thick, wide, deep?

No, we do not wish a revolver, an automatic, a rifle. We do not wish to join in the fight. We wish to lie on our fronts.

Has the governor of the jail been arrested?

Which side has won? *Viva el Duce, la république, la libertad, der Fuehrer!*

Let us go home quickly.

Sartorial Solecism.

POOR Uncle Joe
Can't help his face,
But what I wished to know
Was why he must us all disgrace
By wearing a thing so out of place
As a bowler-hat for sailing!

Said Auntie Flo:
"It may not be
Quite the thing to wear at sea,
But look how well it softens the blow
When the boom swings over on Uncle
Joe!
Besides, it's grand for bailing."

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The matter seems to be entirely one of good taste and good feeling, and if the Press, on that account, fail to mention the name of this young man they will take that course. If not, they will act in the other direction."—*From a Judge's Summing Up.*



"WHO WAS HIS MATAH?"

The Bogchester Chronicles.

Burglary at Bogge Hall.

"THIS is a bad business, Meadows.

"The postman has left word that Bogge Hall was broken into during the night and many valuable art treasures are missing. I must go at once and offer Sir George my sympathies.

"And who can say but that I shall be able to throw some light on the way the crime was committed? The police of Bogchester may be perfectly capable of dealing with ordinary routine work, but here, obviously, is a case calling for the amateur student of crime—the man who can bring a cool and reasoning brain, illuminated by intuition and imagination, to bear on the matter.

"From the few clues I have been able to obtain from the postman, this has the appearance of being the work of a gang—and probably an international gang at that. Bring me my deer-stalker hat, Meadows, and fill my tobacco-pouch with shag. I can see that I shall have to give the affair much thought. No time must be lost if the criminals are to be brought to book."

DILATORY METHODS.

But when I reach Bogge Hall it appears that the police, at least, have other ideas. Although Sir George has telephoned to them himself some two hours ago, the Inspector has not yet visited the Hall to search for clues.



"SHORTLY AFTERWARDS I NOTICE ANOTHER CLUE."

It is as well that others in the district are more alive to their responsibilities.

Fortunately the loss is not so serious as I had at first feared. The gang has overlooked the famous Gorge Papers—the correspondence between Sir George's grandfather, Sir Joseph, and the M.P. of the Division on the ventilation of cow-sheds. And the valuable collection of Eastern curios brought home by Sir George's father from Burma is likewise intact. But several cigarette-boxes, a marble clock, various silver ornaments, a veal-and-ham pie, and a pewter tankard won by Sir George at his school sports are missing. This fact is significant. It suggests to both of us that the crime is the work of strangers—possibly

foreigners—who are unacquainted with the value of the art treasures in Bogge Hall.

Shortly afterwards I notice another clue. The glass of one of the French windows leading on to the lawn has been broken and several large footprints are to be seen on the border outside. Unless these clues have been deliberately left there as a blind, they suggest that we need look no further to discover the means by which an entry was effected.

A BLUNDERING POLICE-OFFICER.

I am engaged in turning over the contents of the waste-paper basket in the hope of discovering further clues when



"'ONE MOMENT, INSPECTOR,' I REMARK MILDLY."

the Inspector is announced. His first words show how completely he has failed to grasp the gravity of the situation.

"Ah, Sir George," he says. "I hear you had a little trouble during the night."

"On the contrary, Inspector," says Sir George sharply. "This is an extremely bad business."

But it is only too apparent that the Inspector, after a lifetime spent in dealing with routine matters, has not the imagination necessary to handle a case like this. I suggest that he had better take a plaster-cast of the footprints on the border outside; but it seems that he has not brought the requisite apparatus. He considers it unnecessary to test the room for finger-prints: He has not even brought a camera to record the position of the furniture. Further inquiries reveal that the Bogchester police-station is not equipped with a laboratory and that not a single member of it has had a proper scientific training. I feel that this affair will be not without its benefits if it brings to the notice of the authorities the hopeless incompetence of the Bogchester police.

The Inspector, however, continues to blunder on in his own way. He throws a cursory glance round the scene of the crime, laboriously takes down in his notebook a description of the missing objects, asks a few routine questions and prepares to depart. Sir George, he says, will hear from him as soon as the missing objects are recovered.

Sir George laughs sarcastically. "Unless," he says, "they have already been shipped across to the Continent," and the Inspector agrees that in that case the police will be baffled.

RECONSTRUCTING THE CRIME.

Meanwhile I have been quietly continuing my own investigations. "One moment, Inspector," I remark mildly. "If you keep a look-out for an unemployed seaman who comes from the Yorkshire dales, is dressed in a brown suit, is left-handed and walks with a pronounced stoop, limping heavily on the left leg, you will have gone a long way towards solving this mystery."

"Good heavens!" cries Sir George. "You amaze me."

"Quite elementary, Sir George. I have merely been reading a few of the more obvious clues. Let us examine the entrance together. On both sides of it, you will notice, various hairs off the intruder's suit are adhering to the paint. They are brown hairs and, what is more, they are dog-hairs. Now what does that suggest?"

"That Sir George's brown dog has been scratching himself against the window," hazards the Inspector.

"And what sort of a dog is it that can break a window and undo the catch—and you will notice that that can only have been done with the left hand? No, no, Inspector, that won't do. These hairs have obviously come from the brown dog-hair suit worn by the intruder. The Yorkshire dales are the only district where dog-hair suits are commonly worn. Perhaps you are beginning to see things more clearly now?"

"And there is another point. The entrance through the window is wide enough for two men to pass through abreast, and yet the intruder has brushed against both sides in passing. What does that suggest?"

"That two men *did* pass through abreast," says the Inspector with an ill-concealed yawn. "Or perhaps they marched in in column of fours."

"You show very little knowledge of criminal psychology if you believe that, Inspector," I remark acidly. "No, the intruder is evidently a man who walks with a nautical roll. The hairs are singularly low down on the window-frame; therefore he walks with a stoop. They are lower on one side than the other; therefore he walks with a limp. All this of course is quite elementary."

"One thing more," cries Sir George, who has been listening with the deepest interest. "How do you know that this seaman is unemployed?"

"Come, come, Sir George! He would hardly be in Bogchester unless he were, would he?" I ask.

"By Jove, no more he would!" says Sir George, greatly impressed. "I never thought of that. There is no flaw in that reasoning, is there, Inspector?"

"The only one that I can think of," says the Inspector, "is that no unemployed seaman in a brown suit has been seen in Bogchester for at least five years."

THE POLICE-CONSTABLE'S EVIDENCE.

But at this point we are interrupted by the arrival of Police-Constable John Budge, who is perspiring freely and carrying in his hand a small case. He opens it to reveal a pewter tankard and he asks Sir George if he can identify this as his property.

Sir George seizes the piece and examines it closely. "Yes," he says; "this is the trophy I won in the sack race of '87. How did you get it?"

"I sent him over to Clumphantown as soon as I heard," says the Inspector, "to keep an eye on the Junk Market. They always take things there."

In the meantime Police-Constable Budge has been drawing a deep breath, moistening his lips and closing his eyes, preparatory to making his report.

"Acting in pursuance of orders received," he begins, "I patrols the district of Clumphantown known as the Junk

Market, keeping a look-out for suspicious characters. Come time, I observes the individual known as Fred Smith what I have instructions to watch for along of him having been thrown out of the 'Black Swan,' Bogchester, last night. Said individual was behaving in a suspicious manner, so I follows him to that portion of the Market known as Isaacson's Emporium, where I sees him attempting to dispose of an article since identified as the property of Sir George Gorge. I hears him accept an offer of one-and-ninepence for same, and then I takes him into custody, warning him that anything he says may be taken down and used in evidence against him.

"When interrogated, prisoner declared he happened to



"P.C. BUDGE ASKS SIR GEORGE IF HE CAN IDENTIFY THIS AS HIS PROPERTY."

be standing last night in the lane outside Bogge Hall when a strange man comes up to him and asks him to hold a sack he was carrying. Prisoner stated that he complies with this request, and after waiting an hour for said stranger to return he goes home, still carrying said sack. Next morning he opens it and finds within various objects which, not knowing what to do with, he decides to sell on behalf of said stranger."

"Well," says the Inspector, "I should have thought Fred Smith would have been able to think of a better one than that."

THE GANG ESCAPES.

"If I were you, Inspector," I advise, "I should accept that statement with reserve. Fred Smith has obviously been used as a tool by the rest of the gang, but until we have laid this stranger by the heels I, for one, shall regard his story as highly suspicious."

"I don't think we shall bother about the stranger or the rest of the gang," says the Inspector.

And there, despite the indignant protests of myself and Sir George, the matter has to rest. The Inspector flatly refuses to follow up the line of investigation I have so clearly sketched out. He has made an arrest and there, for him, the matter comes to an end.

But we are left aghast at the parochial outlook of an officer who is satisfied with the arrest of a mere pawn in the crime while the dangerous gang of criminals who are behind it are left at large.

H. W. M.

What the Public Wants; Or, the Newshawk's Vade-Mecum.

LESSON III.—COMPETITIONS AND CAMPAIGNS.

By now the student should have reached a stage when it is DIFFICULT TO GET ANY HIGHER. Not indeed because this course is not comprehensive, but because there is no HIGHER TO GET.

COMPETITIONS.

Among the more important posts that now lie open to him is that of Competition Editor. The Competition Editor's task is easy; all he has to do is to think out what is called a Novel Competition, offer some fantastically large money prizes, such as £2,000 down, *plus* £10 a week for life, *plus* a day in London, *plus* a refrigerator, *plus* two stalls at any theatre, *plus* a free trip to Hollywood and back, hope that the paper's finances will stand the strain, and there you are.

It is of course essential to debar readers in Scotland from entering and to remind competitors that the lucky winner will receive the prize from the manager of the largest cinema in the neighbourhood. Without this latter attraction no competition would be a success.

CAMPAIGNS.

This is highly technical work and the student will undoubtedly find it most useful later on when he comes to sit in the editorial swivel chair. So study this carefully and get to know the ins and outs of the business, and there is no reason to believe that you will ever regret having done so.

There is one and only one object in a Campaign, be it political, religious, help-your-neighbour, build-a-million-war-planes or merely plainly ridiculous, and that is to INCREASE CIRCULATION. Never forget that.

WEEKS.

The first form of Campaign we shall consider is the WEEK. Most things have humble origins and the Week is no exception, as it is derived from Rat Week, which was designed to encourage the noble, useful, exhilarating and thoroughly British sport of Ratting. The object was to exterminate rats. Later, somebody with a foxhunting complex got hold of the idea and started the famous slogan: "Kill Every Rat You See and Save Britain's Rats from Extinction." But Rat Week had served its purpose. The newspapers commandeered the Week business, and there is now,

metaphorically speaking, a Week for every day in the year. If you wish for a Week, in fact, you have to book many months in advance, and there is a strong movement in some circles to reduce the week to five days and thus have seventy-three Weeks in the year to play about with, instead of only fifty-two.

Having once secured your Week (not so easy—some proud editors put their sons down for a Week as soon as they are born), it is as well to know what to do with it. Let us therefore work an example.

Example.

Question: You are required to organise a Natural Sponge Week, the object of which is to increase the popularity of natural sponges. Do so.

Answer: 1. Write a letter to all the Natural Sponge merchants in the country telling them that you are going to organise a Natural Sponge Week, which will result in enormously increased sales for themselves, only you are not going to be bothered with it unless they advertise pretty extensively in your newspaper. Quote figures of your Rubber Bath Week last year, when the sale of rubber baths went up by '07 per cent. as a direct result of the campaign.

2. Write a letter to all the makers of rubber sponges, flannels and loofahs, and explain that there is a terrific rise in the popularity of natural sponges in the offing, and unless they do a good deal of advertising with you they are likely to get left behind. Quote once

more the figures of your Rubber Bath Week when the sale of tin baths declined by '07 per cent.

3. Now start gradually educating your public up to the stage termed Natural-Sponge-consciousness, which is only one step below Natural-Sponge-mindedness. To do this you might start off by mentioning casually in your Foreign Intelligence Bureau that Elioff Popoff of Brno has swallowed fourteen natural sponges for a wager and feels all the better for it; or by informing your readers in the Interesting Fact Department that sponge-divers in the Aegean are the longest-living men in Eastern Europe. Then a more straightforward attack through the Home Hygiene and Beauty Hint Section. You might say that all the best-dressed women in London (mention them by name, you won't be sued for libel) use natural sponges because of the beautifying effect on tired skins, which, according to an eminent Harley Street specialist, is due to the iodine contained in them. Make a great point of the iodine, because it is very fashionable at the moment. Vitamins and ultra-violet rays are right out of date.

4. We will now assume that you have made natural sponges "news." You have invented some excuse for ordering housewives always to have a sponge about the house and for informing patriots that for every sponge we buy from wherever sponges come from the local people have agreed to buy two sponges from us, and that to buy a sponge is to Help Britain on the Road to Prosperity. Everything is set, and you then announce that the week after next will be National *Daily Snoop* Natural Sponge Week (always work in the word "National" and the name of your paper); you forbid registered readers to buy sponges of any sort or kind till the week after next, and then they are to buy for their country, whether they need a sponge or not.

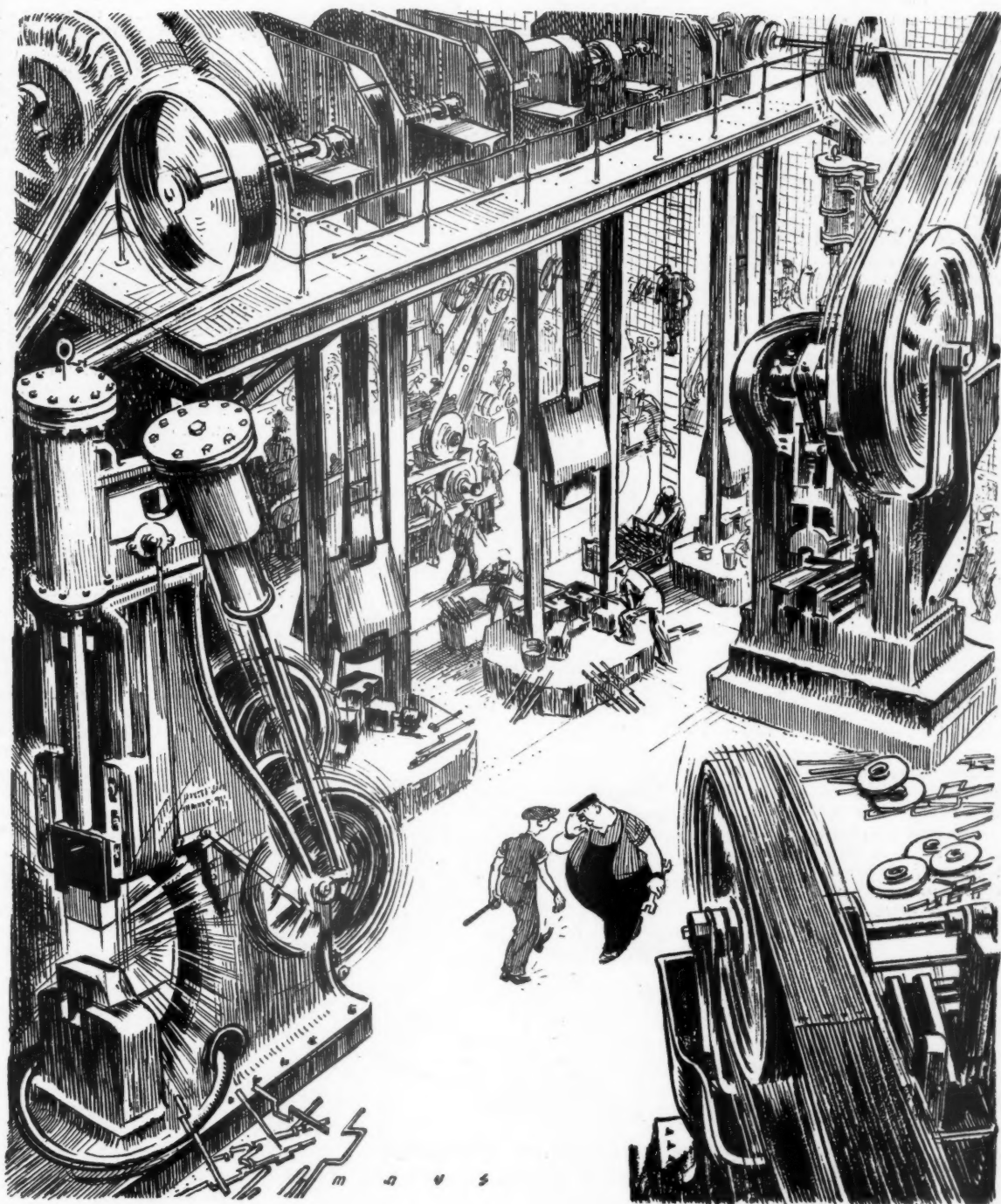
5. If the worst comes to the worst, send out an office-boy to buy all the sponges he can lay hands on. They will always come in handy in the Printing Dept.

There is not much danger of any well-organised Week failing, however, as the public is thoroughly familiarised with the proceeding, and in fact may be said to be Week-minded.

Clean-up at Chingford.

"Councillor — said that day was a red-letter day in the history of Chingford. 'Some of us have been wanting a Bath for many years.'—*Local Paper*.





"'ERE, YOU—AIN'T WE GOT ENOUGH NOISE 'ERE ALREADY WITHOUT YOU COMIN' IN SQUEAKY BOOTS?"

At the Pictures.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

A COMMON saying asserts that we cannot have it both ways; but the two films called *Rhythm on the Range* and *San Francisco* seem to deny this, for in each we have the plot as well as the song and they do not assort well together. The vocalists, I admit, are not too similar, for whereas JEANETTE MACDONALD, in *San Francisco*, indulges in real voice production, BING CROSBY, in the other picture, merely melodiously drools, but the interruption is the same. Just as you (or, as BING has it, "yiu") are beginning to be interested in the story, BING begins to croon, and no sooner than, having accepted the situation, you attempt to settle down to enjoy JEANETTE MACDONALD's high notes, the presentation of her embarrassment between the advances of the two rival and amorous impresarios is resumed.

But let me take the two films in order, beginning with *Rhythm on the Range*. Never have such unlikely ingredients been mixed together as here, for this time BING, or Jeff Larabee, is, literally, a cowboy, and most of the drama is unfolded in the cattle-truck in which he is conveying a prize bull from a Rodeo in New York to the Frying Pan ranch in Arizona. This cattle-truck is of such unusual dimensions that there is room for Doris Holloway (FRANCES FARMER), a millionaire's daughter, discontented with convention and longing for the great open spaces, to take refuge in it, unperceived, among the hay, to eat, drink, and sleep in a bed in it, and to fall in love with the crooner who has charge of it. It is unnecessary to say that BING croons to the bull. In fact, he croons to everyone, mostly on his feet, but first of all, in the middle of the Rodeo, on a well-trained circus horse, so movingly that, even if we do not weep ourselves, we are shown strong men in tears; and eventually, of course, he croons his way into a prosperous marriage.

If you like crooning, well and good.

The best moment in *Rhythm on the Range* is when Doris Holloway, in a motor-car pursuing BING, attempts to intercept him as he gallops away to escape from civilisation and its scandals, and the animal jumps over the car. We may strongly believe that the rider is not really BING; but none the less it gave me a thrill, after all these years, to see, if only as an in-

cident, a horseman leap again, and to be reminded of the brave days of BILL HART. I left the theatre asking myself



MUTE APPEAL OF THE CROONER'S MOUNT.

Jeff Larabee BING CROSBY.

if the centaurs would ever return. The wheel so often comes full circle that probably they will.



J.H.P.

PASTIMES IN OUR PARISH.

Blackie Norton CLARK GABLE.
Father Mullin SPENCER TRACY.

The story in *San Francisco* is more credible; for there certainly is a city of that name, sitting at the Golden Gate;

it certainly was partially destroyed by earthquake in April, 1906, for Mr. Punch had a sympathetic cartoon on the subject; and I see no reason why, just before the calamity, there should not have been a contest for the possession of Mary Blake's (or JEANETTE MACDONALD's) genius between Blackie Norton, the proprietor of the cabaret called "Paradise," played by CLARK GABLE, and Jack Burley, the director of the Opera House, played by JACK HOLT. Naturally it was for her voice that they were at first contending, although her other charms were not overlooked; but, whereas, knowing his patrons, Norton wanted her to discard decorum, Burley desired art. We therefore are treated to both, for in "Paradise" Mary sings and lets herself loose on the latest gay local number, and in the Opera House she is Marguerite in *Faust*. The result may please the purist more than BING's monotonous, but the story is equally sung to pieces.

"What is a story?" the great lords of the film industry may ask; themselves replying that a variety entertainment is what the public wants. But I am not convinced. I think that the public does not in the least resent it if a consistent story is put before it, and that consistent stories may be more and more in demand.

Whenever, in *San Francisco*, the drama is unalloyed, it is gripping, and CLARK GABLE gives of his graceless graceful best. But JEANETTE never seems to be quite genuine and SPENCER TRACY is wasted. Who, however, could cavil at the earthquake itself? Not I, for one. The preliminary rumble is terrific, and then down come the bricks and mortar, the chandeliers, the pillars and statues, and the high towers, just as they should. Great fissures appear, the mains burst, flames break out, and whole sections of the city are dynamited. Terrific, I say again. But when the calm sets in, what do we find, all among the wounded, but Mary Blake, beautifully dressed, again singing—this time "Nearer, My God, to Thee." E. V. L.



"SEVEN JUDGES SIT ON MAID'S CASE."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Presumably the case is now closed.



"WHAT IS THE SHADE TEMPERATURE OF THE SEA TO-DAY?"

"Sorrow in Sunlight."

BETWEEN emblazoned
Flower-beds
The Vicar's garden-party spreads—
To mock the roses
So much
Duller—
The sun-umbrellas' blobs of colour
And pink and white and heliotrope,
The ballet-like kaleidoscope
Of frocks and hats,
Of frills and laces,
A shifting minuett
Changes places.

Aloof, beside
The Jumble Stall
With jaundiced glance I view it all.
The treasure-hunt,
The tea-marquee,
The dark-eyed gipsy, Madame Lee,
Entice me not. I do not wish
To angle for magnetic fish.

Nor flick the lively dart,
For bitter, bitter is my heart
And I am cynical, withdrawn;
For see, upon th' reverend lawn
Belinda walks—but not with me.
Belinda talks.
Ah! faithless she!
And life is grey and flat
Ah! life is wormwood! Aye, and gall!
For she hath given the Jumble Stall
(O perfidy!
O treachery!)
My hat—my oldest hat.



"During our holiday we put up at an inn where we were told the peat fire had been kept burning night and day ever since it was lit under Henry VIII."—*Daily Paper.*



"WHAT AN IDEAL POSITION FOR MOUNTAINS, JANE!"

Names.

["Recently a lady's tennis costume has been widely advertised and sold as a 'Roedean' costume. Such use of the name 'Roedean' has never been authorised by the school and is an infringement of its legal rights.

The school has been successful in enforcing the discontinuance of such user and is determined to do so in all future cases. . ."

Public Notice—Daily Paper.]

I WISH the Council of Roedean School good luck and hope that legally they are on ground as firm as they believe. I am writing, as they say, "far from a reference library" and have not a copy of the Statute Book beside me; but I thought that anyone could pinch a name if he pinched it cunningly enough. I should have said that the subtle difference between a "Roedean" costume and the "Roedean" costume would have saved the pirate, and if I am wrong I am glad, for there are too many name-stealers. Few men would dare to give to a character in a novel the name of "Gladstone," for example; but there is nothing (or so I thought) to prevent one from advertising a Gladstone Gin.

And if Roedean is right we may look forward to some jolly litigation. What about the Eton collar? Can Eton

afford to ignore a slight which Roedean is ready to resist at law? What of the Winchester rifle, the Rugby football, the Shrewsbury cake, and the Gladstone bag—and, speaking of bags, the Oxford trousers? Some might like to see a legal protest made about the Oxford Accent, Group, or Marmalade, the Cambridge Sausage or the Balliol Manner. But the Accent, Group or Manner are not so labelled "for commercial purposes," and for these affronts there is certainly no remedy—another shocking hiatus in the law.

There are other problems less easy to answer. Would the Corporation of Bath, for example, get an injunction against advertisers of the

Bath Bun
Bath Chair
Bath Chap
Bath Mat
Bath Oliver?

And if the "Roedean tennis costume" is deemed offensive, ought not the combined Universities to issue a writ concerning the University swimming costume? That name at first was without doubt cleverly used for commercial purposes, to lure the nation into a garment not conceived at any university. Are the Archbishops quite

happy about "Canterbury lamb" and "York ham"? Have these dairies any right to boast about their "pasteurized" milk?

The young ladies chatter glibly about their banting. How many of them know that they are taking in vain the name of Dr. BANTING, who wrote a famous Letter on Corpulence in, I think, the 60's? There are thirteen BANTINGS in the *London Telephone Directory*, and for all I know some of them may be descendants of the Doctor. If so, are they wounded when they hear the girls? I imagine not. I think the Doctor would have been pleased if he had guessed that his name would live so long. So too would Mr. HANSOM, the architect, who died in 1882, but has not yet passed out of the language. Well, not Mr. HANSOM maybe. For, though he designed many important buildings, chiefly Roman Catholic churches, "his name is remembered as the inventor of the patent safety-cab, for which he received £300." But pleased, surely, would be Mr. PLIMSOLL, M. PASTEUR, Mr. BRADSHAW, Mr. MACADAM, Mr. HANSARD and Sir ROBERT PEEL (inventor of the "bobby"). True, the present case is very different, and I wish the Council all fortune in their

fight. But if they lose there may be some small consolation. They may share the lot of Mr. HANSOM, produce many generations of glorious girls and be linked in history with a shoe or garter. But such is life. A. P. H.

Retreat.

"THOSE new people next-door are very charming," I said to Edith, "but I wish they didn't like music during tea. Yesterday I found my teeth beating time while I was eating a chocolate éclair. Most disturbing. Of course it's not *their* fault that the walls are thin."

"We'll have tea in the summer-house to-day," said Edith. And, though I dislike having tea in the summer-house, I felt that an unmusical tea in the summer-house would be better than a musical tea in the drawing-room.

"Which will you have," said Edith when we were seated—"tomato and earwig sandwiches or bread-and-butter à la weevil?"

"That's not a weevil," I protested; "the weevil is larger and darker. Fancy mistaking that pale and languid little creature for a weevil!"

"Perhaps they go that colour after

eating a lot of butter," said Edith. "I'm sure it's a weevil. I can tell by its expression—sort of dignified and with a touch of hauteur."

I rather flatter myself on my knowledge of wild creatures, and I was annoyed at her persisting that it was a weevil.

"We'd better settle it," said Edith. "You can go back to the house and get the Encyclopædia. Bring W and also I. If it's not under Weevil it will be under Insect. There's a lovely coloured plate of insects."

So I went back to the house and got two volumes of the Encyclopædia. The picture of a weevil was rather like one of those Press photographs of a film-star—smudged and uncertain.

"It might be a weevil and it might not be a weevil," I said, "we shall have to look under Insect."

We looked under Insect, and I was able to prove to Edith that she was wrong, so I asked her to pour me out some tea, but encyclopædias fascinate Edith. Once she starts she can't stop, and she was reading avidly about membrane-winged hymenoptera.

"I never realised before what a fascinating study insects could be," she said enthusiastically. "I believe that little thing swimming in the milk is a sort of orthoptera."

"Two lumps, please," I said pointedly.

"There's a picture here of the digestive system of a stag-beetle," said Edith.

"Husbands also have digestive systems," I remarked, "and this particular husband would like a cup of tea, with two lumps of sugar and a drop of milk, if your orthoptera has finished his bathing carnival."

She started to pour out the tea, but the cup wasn't half-full when a little red fly circled down and dived in.

"That's a pretty one," said Edith, "it seems a shame to drown it."

"Perhaps you'd like me to go indoors and fetch another cup?" I said with heavy sarcasm.

"It would be *kind*," said Edith. So I went. I brought a couple while I was about it, as the bathing-season for insects was apparently at its height, and they seemed to think our summer-house a seaside resort of no mean order.

"The insects are better than the music, anyway," I said.

At that moment the lady next-door put her head over the fence.

"Such a good idea," she said, "having tea in the garden. As soon as we saw you we made up our minds to do the same . . . I hope you won't mind our portable wireless."



Middlesex Fan (concluding altercation with Surrey supporter). "YES, AND PUT YER 'AT ON—WE DON'T WANT TO BE REMINDED OF THE OVAL!"



"ON THE FILMS, MY DEAR. KNOWN, I BELIEVE, AS THE—ER—GENDER-APPEAL GIRL."

The Grouse.

(Regarded from somewhat less sporting points of view.)

HIGHLAND HOTEL-KEEPER.

I—
Own a rest-house bare as Tophet
Which my grandsire called an
"inn";

Of its rise in style (and profit)
Birds have been the origin.
Rain may soak us to the skin,
Boreas blow his chill and raw gust—
Every bedroom's booked for
August,

I am raking in the tin.
Poverty has loosed her shackles;
Here's to every grouse that
cackles

From the Cheviots to Loch Shin!

SPORTSMAN'S WIFE.

I—
Like a place to be amusing,
I enjoy a little spree;
At this hour, had I the choosing,
We would be in Normandy;
As it is—oh, dearie me!—

Here we vegetate like ninnies,
Wasting all our hard-earned
guineas

Just to die of ennui;
Bleak as Bedlam, tame as Tooting
Is this God-forsaken shooting;
Why are grouse allowed to be?

THE LAIRD.

I—
Wholly impecunious scion
Of a once imperial chief,
Left with little to rely on
To defend my dwindling fief
From the tax-collecting thief,
Turn to you, my feathered
beauties,

For my taxes, fees and duties—
You shall keep me yet from
grief;

Thanks to you, my grimmest
acres

Blossom forth as money-makers;
Oh most merciful relief!

TENANT FARMER.

I—
Darg an' struggle, cauld an'
drookit,
Toil an' fecht wi' little rest;
When at last the corn's a' stookit—
An' a poor-like crop at best—
Here's the uninvited guest!
Here's a sicht t' mak' ye scunnert—
Groosies swarmin' by the hunnert,
Guzzling a' they can digest!
Lairdie says I maunna shoot
them;
Gin the de'il wad set aboot them—
Nesty, clatterin', thievin' pest!

Meantime the bird—which, lacking
finer sense,
Is ignorant of service or offence—
Its birdish business innocently plies,
Wots not who blesses or who damns
its eyes
And innocently, ignorantly dies.

H. B.



A PRESENT FROM BERLIN.

MR. EDEN. "THE GENTLEMAN FROM GERMANY TO SEE YOU, SIR."

JOHN BULL. "OH, BUT I KNOW HIM WELL; SHOW HIM IN, EDEN. HOPE HE'S COME TO STAY."

[Herr von Ribbentrop, Herr Hitler's "Ambassador at large," has now been appointed Ambassador in London.]

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Mr. Silvertop on Pride.

I WAS gloating over the magnificent rod-case Mr. Silvertop has made for me.

"You must be proud of it," I said to him.

A craftsman to the square tips of his knobbly fingers, this was further than he could comfortably go.

"A tidy job," he admitted grudgingly, "I'll admit that. But what's pride, anyway? It's downright 'ard to say what it is, it comes over folks in such rum ways. If you take 'arf-a-dozen blokes at random, like as not you'll find one of 'em's so proud of 'is Ma 'aving once shook 'ands with a Countess he can 'ardly speak, one's proud of not 'aving to work no more on account of all 'is swindles what 'aven't been found out, one's proud of 'is small feet and the next's proud of 'is big chest, one's proud of a ruddy ancestor 'oo didn't appen to be seen running away in some perishing set-to about five 'undred years ago and got made a Lord for lending the King a clean 'andkerchief, and another's proud as 'ell because 'e can flip 'is ears about like a rabbit. You never know 'ow pride's a-going to take no-one, and that's a fact. And once it's got 'old there's no telling where it'll lead 'em.

"Just after the War I did a lot of odd jobs for a gent down Chelsea way, some kind of a scientist 'e was, always messing about with one's smell or another, but a nice simple cuss and as sane as you could wish. Well, some of 'is pals persuaded 'im to go off on one of these 'ere barmy Antarctic expeditions what sit on some godforsaken iceberg all winter trying to find out why penguins lay eggs, and don't come back till they've eaten all the dogs in the sacred name of science and 'ad their noses turned to stop-me-and-buy-one. 'Ot shaving-water being very 'ard to come by in them parts my gent does the same as 'is pals and lets 'is dial go 'ang. And when 'e gets 'ome six months later, to make up for 'is big toe what 'e's left be'ind 'e's got a whacking great black beard on 'im—a proper Russian carpet-sweeper of a beaver it was.

"Most of 'is pals shaved theirs off on the steamer, but 'e kept 'is on a day or two for a lark. The first thing 'e does in London is to drop in on 'is barber to 'ave it off. Soon as 'e claps eyes on my gent 'e drops 'is scissors and cries 'Corlumme! What a lovely beard!"

"Think so?" asks my gent, surprised like.

"Think so!" ses the barber. 'I've been

pruning 'em forty years, and never seen one to touch it. It's magnificent!"

"All the same," ses my gent, 'we'd better 'ave it off."

"'Ave it off?" yells the barber. 'Why, it'd be a crime against 'umanity. There may not be another beard like it grown for a century!"

"By the time my gent leaves 'im 'e begins to think it is pretty 'ot, and by the time 'e's gone 'ome and 'ad a good decko at it in 'is own mirror 'e's certain of it.

"Well, the next week-end 'e was a-staying with a pal in the country 'oo was one of them topeyrists 'oo cuts peacocks out of trees. After one turn round the garden my gent borrows a pair of nail-scissors and nips off to 'is room. And when 'e comes down to dinner 'e's gone and clipped a three-masted schooner out of 'is beard! A regular work of art it was, and it was famous in no time, for you don't often see a bloke with a three-masted schooner perched on the end of 'is chin. Everywhere 'e went people asked to stroke it—and from being a nice simple chap 'e suddenly grew ever so 'aughty and proud. You'd 'ave said the beard 'ad gone straight to 'is 'ead if it 'adn't been there already.

"The first thing 'e does is to insure the schooner for five thousand, and 'e never would go to any of them cocktail-parties in case someone 'oo'd 'ad a few put a match to it. 'E 'as a big wire cage made to wear over it at night, and once a week 'e 'as a session with 'is scissors and clears the decks.

"One night 'e got a-talking to an architect at 'is club and telling 'im 'ow 'eavy the insurance-premiums was,

and the architect ses, 'Why not 'ave it proofed against fire with the stuff we use on thatch? In a manner of speaking it is thatch, and the stuff's guaranteed.' 'That's a fine idea,' ses my gent, and the next day they goes down together and gets the 'ead-thatcher on the job. Then 'e drops the insurance and starts going out quite 'appy to Guy Fawkes jollies and such-like."

"And was it really proofed against fire?" I asked.

"Against fire it was," said Mr. Silvertop, with the effective pause of the practised story-teller, "but not against strawberries."

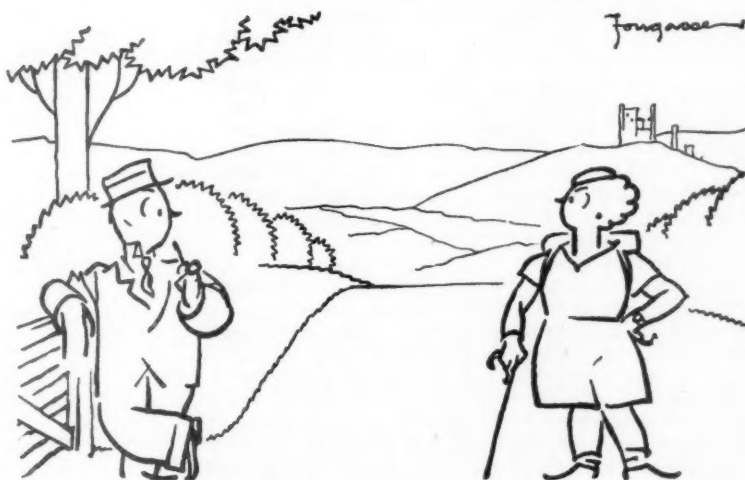
"Strawberries?" I echoed.

"'E took 'is 'oliday in Italy the next summer and did 'imself a sight too well on squashy strawberries. You know what that means. 'Is temperature went up like a rocket and 'e come out all over in a cruel rash what looks like a map of the world, but most of all on 'is dial underneath the schooner. 'E was 'arf potty with it, so the 'otel calls in a doctor.

"That ruddy ship'll 'ave to weigh anchor,' 'e ses, straight off. At that my gent tries to fetch 'im one with the water-bottle, and two porters 'ave to 'old 'im down while the doctor chloroforms 'im. When 'e comes to the poor old schooner 'ad set sail."

Mr. Silvertop permitted himself a wry smile.

"'Is was a rum case of pride because once 'e'd settled down to not 'aving no beard 'e was quite 'is old self again, not a bit 'aughty. And so long as 'e gives them perishing icy-icy expeditions a miss 'e'll be all right." ERIC.



"IS THIS THE WAY TO W—A—R—E—H—A—M?"

Rays or Uplift.

"Do you know anything about cosmic rays?" said Pinleaf to me.

Explaining is the breath of life to Pinleaf, but hitherto he had pretty well stuck to philosophy. The history of our acquaintance is one long record of wrangling conversations in which Pinleaf has struggled to explain to me things not merely unexplainable but also largely unstateable. But cosmic rays, I thought, should be fairly safe; I had seen articles and passages in books about cosmic rays, and everybody seemed to be perfectly certain what the words meant; I didn't see how Pinleaf could be conspicuously indefinite about cosmic rays.

I was wrong. There is nothing, nothing at all, not so much as the broken handle of a lawn-mower or a ball-bearing or the square root of four, about which Pinleaf cannot raise a thick fog of speculation. But by the time I had realised this once more Pinleaf had begun, for I had answered "No."

He began conversationally, with a deceptive air of being able to simplify the whole thing. "They don't know where they come from, you know," he said.

"Who don't?"

"The investigators. They've been trying to make it out for over thirty years and they still don't know where the rays are coming from."

"Baffling," I said.

"Yes. At first they thought the sun; no. Then the Milky Way; no. Then the other nebulae; no."

I asked whether anybody had tried the "Rose and Crown." I am always moved to ask questions like this when Pinleaf is explaining. He said No.

"They keep on the whole time," he went on, "penetrating things and disintegrating atoms."

"Penetrating things?"

"Often to a depth of six or seven hundred feet," said Pinleaf impressively, pointing down into the ground. "Land or water. They've been detected at the bottom of lakes. They can force their way through a hundred yards of steel at the speed of light."

"One moment," I said, starting slightly. "Are you still speaking of the investigators? They must be very thin men."

Pinleaf said with some sternness that he was speaking of the rays. I had as a matter of fact suspected this. Such prodigious energy and ability to permeate had seemed a little odd on the part of even the sturdiest investigator, like having six toes for instance; when he said rays, however, the whole thing fell into line. I explained all this to Pinleaf carefully and he grew impatient. It seemed to anger him that I found one notion easier to grasp than the other. He said in a bitter sort of way: "The idea of the rays being able to do all that seems quite simple to you, does it?"

"Oh, well, rays," I said with an indulgent gesture. "You know what rays are."

"Yes, what are rays?"

"Impulsive—wayward," I said, and this was evidently the wrong answer again. Pinleaf made it clear that he had expected me to lend my support either to that school which contended that cosmic rays were particles or to that which contended that cosmic particles were rays, like light.

"Won't it do if I lend my support to both?" I said.

"Let us be imparticle. I will offer to lend my support to both schools, and we will watch hawk-eyed to see which school borrows it. Then the other school will probably be the right one and we will put our little perisher's name down for that, if we like the colours of the blazer. That seems to be a very sound method of deciding between two

schools. Many people just fall between two schools, but not Sir ARTHUR EDDINGTON and I—not Sir JAMES JEANS and me!"

"Talking of Sir JAMES JEANS," said Pinleaf, leaping in like a racing mechanic about to change a wheel, "six years ago he was inclined to the ray theory, but I don't know whether he still is. More and more people now are inclined to the particle theory. I incline to the particle theory myself."

"You do? I incline to the ray theory."

"Why," said Pinleaf superciliously, "what do you know about it?"

"I know enough to incline to a theory on," I said. "Everybody knows enough to incline to a theory on. People who know nothing naturally incline to the theory that there isn't anything to know. That's the beauty of a theory: it's so accommodating. If one has a theory one strides straight ahead, looking neither right, half-right, left, half-left, up, down, nor back."

Pinleaf said that all the same he would be interested to hear the explanation of my theory. This was the first time I had ever extracted from him such an admission and I could hardly believe my ears.

"I approach the question," I began cautiously, thinking fast, if at all, "emotionally rather than intellectually or scientifically. I keep constantly in my mind the well-known argument in Emotional Logic: 'Is the moon made of green cheese?—well, either it is or it isn't; we all know it isn't, therefore it is.' Applying the methods of Emotional Logic to the problem of cosmic rays, what do we find? You may well ask. I will not bother you with every step in the chain of reasoning; suffice it to say that it brings us to the conclusion that all cosmic particles must be rays, and *vice versa*. I am already getting together a little band of investigators to go out into the desert among the pyramyrmidons of the Sphinx, where men are great open spaces—"

"The trouble with you is," said Pinleaf, after looking at me disgustedly, "you don't want to learn."

I told him that gladly wolde I lerne, the trouble with him being that he wolde a sight too gladly teche. R. M.

"Croonette."

Croonette, Croonette, get up to the "mike";

The trouble will soon begin;

The fatal hour is about to strike

When the radio fans tune in;

There are singers still who have learnt their job,

There are excellent artists yet,

But yours is the genuine mealy throb,

Croonette.

"Croonette!" A name I never have heard;

To what remarkable brain.

It first occurred (a beast of a word)

I ask, and I ask in vain;

It comes no doubt from over the seas

Where the crooner first was met,

And you've come in for the fell disease,

Croonette.

Croonette, if it's idle to say you sing,

You soften a world-wide curse;

The female crooner's a horrible thing,

But the male is a dam sight worse.

Then croon, croon, of the moon in June,

While the listeners' eyes grow wet,

And may they all be sick of you soon,

Croonette.

DUM-DUM.



"MY FRIENDS, I BRING A MESSAGE OF LOVE AND HOPE FROM 'EUREKA' LIMITED OF LONDON, GENT'S OUTFITTERS AND CASH TAILORS."

Taste.

I QUOTE from an article on drawing-rooms in an old magazine:—

"Having chosen," says the author, "our paper—a graceful pomegranate or Queen Anne pattern, let us say, in subdued lines of blue or green, the next question that arises is, 'Shall we have a dado?'"

Obviously our interior decorator of the past has definite leanings towards dados, and he proceeds to discuss the colour, coming down heavily in favour of a contrast, "which," he says, "will produce a striking effect."

It will.

"If," he writes, "your paper has neutral greens and blues for its prevalent tone, the dado may be in deep chocolate-red, almost brown."

Try to bear it, for there is more to come.

To this dado-atrocity our author would add "a paint-work in two slightly different tints of neutral green, the framework in a darker, other panels in a lighter, shade, with a narrow line of dark chocolate-red along the moulding of the panels and laid upon the concave bevelled rim which is generally found on ordinary doors."

With that smug satisfaction in the purely hideous, belonging—as we think—especially to his era, he concludes the paragraph on wall-decoration with these words: "The whole framework of the wall will thus be complete and harmonious in itself."

"What a self!" say we.

He finds the "mantelpiece received from the builder wholly unsatisfactory," but he actually condemns crewel-work hangings, and emphatically advocates "an unpretentious ebonised *étagère* mirror, portioned out in compartments by a little balustrade, and with three shelves dividing it horizontally for small vases and other knick-knacks."

"This," says he, "gives an air of dignity."

He is, in fact, much enamoured of ebonised furniture, and recommends it for a "combined coal-scuttle and what-not with a couple of shelves for more knick-knacks."

"This composite piece of furniture," he urges, "adds to the general prettiness of the room."

Prettiness!

"A couple of well-stuffed easy-

chairs," he thinks, "are enough to provide luxury," while "six or eight little ebonised and cane-bottom gossip-chairs are the simplest and prettiest occasional furniture you can have."

With the addition of a few wicker chairs and tables he considers your drawing-room "well provided indeed," but there yet remains a finishing-touch:—

"A square table in the bay-window, which will allow a jardinière containing a fern or india-rubber-plant to stand in the sun. You can have nothing better than black or gold for the purpose. . . ."

"And lest any reader," he concludes, "should fancy that a room like this is beyond the reach of humble purses, it may be added that everyone may obtain such a picture himself for no greater outlay than one hundred pounds."

He could acquire it to-day for less than a hundred shillings at any second-rate furniture store.

Is it to such a drab bourne that our grandchildren will consign the cherished products of to-day's Taste? I wonder.

At the Play.

"THE AMAZING DOCTOR
CLITTERHOUSE"
(HAYMARKET).

CRIME has seldom looked so attractive as it does at the Haymarket, where *The Amazing Doctor Clitterhouse* duplicates a respectable London practice with the direction of a gang of housebreakers. Doctors have several advantages for a life of crime; they are accustomed to act, to conceal their thoughts, to control themselves. They achieve a detached air towards the human race. *Doctor Clitterhouse* (Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON) is calm, swift, self-assured, and, if we did not hear him revealing to *Nurse Ann* (Miss JOAN MARION) his motive for crime, we should have thought him exceedingly sane. But among all the fantastic motives which have driven men to crime, *Doctor Clitterhouse's* reigns supreme. He apparently believes that the excitement due to the suspense and risks of criminal activity is different in kind from other forms of excitement, and that a careful record of what goes on in crooked bodies at the high moments of the crooked life will be immensely valuable for the police and posterity.

Fortunately this theory can only be applied with the unconscious co-operation of some very real and altogether untheoretical people; and in *Benny Kellerman's* club *Doctor Clitterhouse* meets *Oakie* (Mr. VICTOR STANLEY) and *Pal* (Mr. CHARLES FARRELL) and *Daisy* (Miss MERIEL FORBES), and, later on, some more of the gang; and we are happy enough to meet them too. While they are on the stage Mr. RICHARDSON is their leader, a crook among crooks, and the plot requires him to suppress all the impossible side of the character of *Clitterhouse*. The result is capital entertainment through most of the play. The planning of robberies and their careful execution according to plan always make good theatre, and never more so than when, from Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND's city roof, the actual sensational robbery of a fur factory takes place, not without alarms and misadventures, before our very eyes.

When we first meet the crooks, the disparity is very obvious between the solid intellectual power of the best

"fence" in London, *Benny Kellerman* (Mr. CHARLES MORTIMER) and the vacuous faces and limited ideas of the younger men like *Oakie* and *Pal* who



FACE IN THE HOLE.

Benny Kellerman . Mr. CHARLES MORTIMER.
Dr. Clitterhouse . Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON.

actually do the work. *Benny* does not go into danger himself; the wariness which makes him oppose a blank wall of denial against the first overtures of the *Doctor* does not forsake him till the



AN ORGY OF SACKING.

Oakie Mr. VICTOR STANLEY.
Dr. Clitterhouse Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON.
"Badger" Lee Mr. HUGH E. WRIGHT.
"Pal" Green Mr. CHARLES FARRELL.

very end. He lurks in the background, collaring the lion's share of the swag. With the rather poor material available for active service, *Doctor Clitterhouse*

works wonders, and Mr. RICHARDSON carries the story along with a swift light touch, walking with a springy step and banishing the fears of lesser spirits by lighthearted but circumspect self-confidence. Blood-pressures and other data may be collected from time to time, but the criminal enterprises develop a life of their own, and we forget that *Clitterhouse* is doing it for science. The play becomes extremely exciting when by a very neat device *Benny Kellerman* finds out who *Clitterhouse* is, and proceeds to blackmail him. *Clitterhouse* cannot risk exposure and is driven to murder.

The dramatist, who has been so plausible in his handling of his gang, now asks us to swallow an improbability almost as fatal to his play as to *Benny Kellerman*. If ever there was a man injured by nature and training to an instinctive and complete distrust of his fellows it is the master-fence, yet he sits in *Clitterhouse's* studio boasting of the miserable and dangerous servitude to which he is condemning the doctor under threat of exposure, and then commands a drink, drinks it without suspicion, and can really hardly be surprised if he never wakes up again. Mr. CHARLES MORTIMER is so good in his part that we cannot believe in his final lapse. The death is doubly unfortunate, because with it the play inevitably passes into a different key.

There has been a great deal of humour, for housebreaking and humour go easily together, but murder is somehow different.

The dramatist has brought about an intensely interesting situation, but his Third Act is half-way over. An old friend at the Yard (Mr. ERIC STANLEY) and a K.C. across the road, but most of all Mr. RICHARDSON's accentuation of the note of strange lightheadedness that has always belonged to *Clitterhouse*, combined to suggest that Broadmoor and not the gallows is in store for *Clitterhouse*. It seems a pity, however it is looked at. But the gang, at any rate, have escaped for a time, even if the rubbishy volume of their medical reactions survives to be reverently edited, as we understand it will be, by the nurse and the K.C., if it should not be His Majesty's

Pleasure to set *Doctor Clitterhouse* loose in the near future. The whole business is a triumph for Mr. RICHARDSON, who makes of a play which does not bear the

cold light of reflection a highly entertaining and exciting evening. D. W.

"CHINESE WHITE" (DALY'S).

It used to be much commoner a few years ago for stage characters to find themselves at the mercy of imperturbable and inflexible elderly Chinamen full of well-bred cruelties. Three Englishmen find themselves in such a predicament in *Chinese White*, at Daly's Theatre, and on the whole do not come off too badly. For one thing, only one of the three gets really rattled; the other two take it all as calmly as does the audience, which is very calmly indeed.

For something has gone wrong with the cooking of this particular Oriental dish. I should imagine that the dramatist set out to provide a play with all the ingredients—excitement, cruelty, love interest, and a great terrifying bandit; but, alas, they are somehow all lost. There is no real love interest, although Miss ENA MOON gives a vivacious performance in the only female part. But she is compelled to show *Anna Foy* as a mean and vindictive little beast, whose love affair with the very upright young missionary, *Shaw* (Mr. VALENTINE DYALL), is a quite singular mésalliance. This young missionary is quixotic to a degree. When it is a question of playing cards with two business thugs, the loser to be sacrificed to the vengeance of the bandit *Kwan Sen*, the missionary cheats against himself so that he shall be the selected victim. A victim there had to be, because, in escaping from the bandits, one of the Englishmen, firing blindly in panic, has shot the bandit's only son. There is no real doubt which Englishman it is. It is *Maxwood* (Mr. FRANK COCHRANE), and *Maxwood* whimpers and blubbers through the best part of two Acts.

To show a worthless man demoralized by fear is not very good entertainment, and so little terrifying is *Kwan Sen* (Mr. ARTHUR HARDY) that the cringing hysteria becomes all the more distasteful to watch. Mr. ARTHUR HARDY, in his efforts after a lofty Chinese calm, gave the impression of being a dry and elderly professional man, of the kind one meets in solicitors' offices or high up in Government departments. Much the most attractive character is *Brett* (Mr. EDMUND WILLARD). *Brett's* business is apparently quite an honest one in

antimony, but the presence of the missionary in Jagatu has somehow resulted in demands for higher wages, and so *Brett* is as interested as *Maxwood*, whose commodity is opium, in con-

if he marries her he will lose face. Otherwise *Brett* is as honest as the day, and it was a standing mystery why he and *Shaw*, both knowing quite plainly that *Maxwood* had shot the bandit's son, did not agree to make him bear the consequences.

Mr. WILLARD is not the man to portray low types. There are one or two minor characters with some pidgin English to talk; a merchant and a servant, and coolies appear once or twice with tea-chests, while soldiers are shown in silhouette against the sky. But neither these trappings nor the gongs and braziers are successful in conveying an alarming atmosphere, and the play emerges much too like the dramatised version of a serial story in a paper catering for very unsophisticated minds. D. W.



CHINESE PUZZLE.

SPOTTING THE COWARD.

<i>Maxwood</i>	MR. FRANK COCHRANE.
<i>Brett</i>	MR. EDMUND WILLARD.
<i>Shaw</i>	MR. VALENTINE DYALL.
<i>Kwan Sen</i>	MR. ARTHUR HARDY.

trying that the young missionary shall go somewhere else. So *Brett* and *Maxwood* bribe *Anna Foy* to vamp the missionary; she is half-Chinese, and



THE ONLY GIRL.

Anna Foy Miss ENA MOON.

Poor Man's Holiday.

'IGH in 'Ainault* I sits dreamin'—
Over there lies London Town—
An' I spy St. Paul's a-seemin'—
Like a wineglass upside-down.

All the jobs as London's doin'
Lies afore me in that flurk;
Bread's a-bakin', beer's a-brewin'—
'Ere I'm loafin', out o' work.

'Ere the bunnies caper—'appy
(Tanner-toyish on the grass)—
Chews the green-stuff, thick and sappy.
'Ardly 'eeds me as I pass.

There folks buys 'ole joints in meat-shops;
Mothers mops their 'eated brows;
'Ere I'm criticizin' wheat-crops,
Contemplatin' looney cows.

Garden-scented breeze I'm gettin',
Birds is callin' sweet an' low,
But I wish as I was sweatin'
Where the fishmeal stinks at Bow.

Oh, fer jellied eels in Stepney,
Jobs in Lime'ouse docks and ships,
An' a steamin' sizzlin' threp'n'y
Plate o' Charley's fish-an'-chips.

Up there some bloke backs a cart out,
'Aulin' ballast, bricks or coal;
'Ere I'm eatin' my poor 'cart out—
Just a-rottin' on the dole.

* Hainault Forest, Essex—12 miles from London.

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From the Secretary and Treasurer, Roughover Down At Heels Society, High Street, Roughover.

3rd July, 1936.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—In past years you have always been good enough to stage an Exhibition Golf Match between your professional, Harry Cleek, and the professional at Trudgett Magna, in aid of our Society.

I need hardly tell you that the result of these matches has never been very successful, eighteen shillings and sixpence being the best gate we have ever received, and as this year we are urgently in need of funds to meet the cost of the new club-rooms I trust you will not think it out of place in my asking you on this occasion to make a special effort on our behalf.

Yours very truly,

ARTHUR BEGGWORTHY,
Secretary and Treasurer.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

7th July, 1936.

DEAR WHELK,—In reply to your letter I shall be very glad to play in an Exhibition Golf Match against that fool Nutmeg, and I agree to your suggestion that the game be on the lines of my match with Prince Suva Ibrahim bin Mackintosh Abdulla in 1934, when we played "All You Know."

Yours sincerely,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

9th July, 1936.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your letter. I am very honoured at being asked to play in an Exhibition Golf Match but feel you could have selected a more worthy opponent for me than General Forcursue.

I am, however, quite prepared to agree to the terms (i.e., "All You Know"), but as I am now getting on in years I must stipulate that any missiles, etc., foreign to the game of golf be debarré.

Yours faithfully,

L. NUTMEG.

P.S.—I have no wish to have handfuls of pepper thrown in my face; no wish to be squirted with a garden syringe, and no desire to have a salmon gaff inserted into my trousers when about to play a shot.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

13th July, 1936.

DEAR WHELK,—All right, I shall fall in with Nutmeg's terms, but you might tell him I consider his stipulation a most cowardly one.

Yours sincerely,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

15th July, 1936.

SIR,—Why have I not been asked to play in the Exhibition Golf Match? The thing will be a washout, and no one will come.

Yours faithfully,

C. SNEYRING-STYMIE.

From Dr. Edwin Sockett, Roughover.

15th July, 1936.

DEAR PAT,—I hear that Forcursue and Nutmeg are playing in one of those foolhardy "All You Know" matches next Tuesday. As Club Doctor, do you wish me to attend, as this is my operating day?

Yours ever,

EDWIN SOCKETT.

From Marcus Penworthy, Free Lance Journalist, Roughover.

21st July, 1936.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I noticed the Press did not turn up for the great match this morning, and as I can only presume this was an oversight I am taking the liberty of sending you an account written by myself which you might check up and at the same time give me permission to send it to *The Roughover Weekly Herald*.

If permission cannot be granted I am sure the article will be most acceptable for the Club Records. My charge would be only 12/6.

Yours truly,

M. PENWORTHY,

Contributor to *Foreign Plumage*, *The Leadworkers' Monthly*, *Roughover Weekly Herald*, and other leading papers.

P.S.—12/6 is half-a-crown less than the *Herald* pays.

Enclosure.

NOVEL GOLF MATCH.

(Support for Local Charity.)

Roughover Golf Club was the venue on Tuesday morning of an Exhibition Golf Match between General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., and Mr. Lionel Nutmeg, M.C.S. (Retired), both well-known and popular members of the Club. The proceeds were devoted to decreasing the debt on the new club-rooms of the Roughover Down At Heels Society in the High Street.

In many respects the match was a novel one, for the players were allowed to break the rules and etiquette of golf without let or hindrance, no penalty or redress being obtainable for any offence. Impedimenta, missiles, and so on foreign to the game were however barred.

THE GAME.

Play opened on a strong note and the many spectators received an immediate thrill when General Forcursue, having lost the toss for the honour, immediately proceeded to elbow his opponent out of the way, tee up his ball, and with something between a sniff and a chuckle, drive off. This action seemed to upset Mr. Nutmeg, for, although he countered by throwing a handful of peg tees in his opponent's face, they were largely ineffectual, for the General played on to hole out in 8, to Mr. Nutmeg's 11.

CROWD RESTIVE.

Indeed, it was not until the 4th, where the crowd became restive at the rather one-sided contest, that Mr. Nutmeg (who was then 2 down) recovered his mental equilibrium by perjuring himself into a fine win, when he successfully miscounted his score for the hole by two strokes. This he quickly followed up by breaking Rule 5, neatly scraping and finally pushing his ball into the hole for a 7.

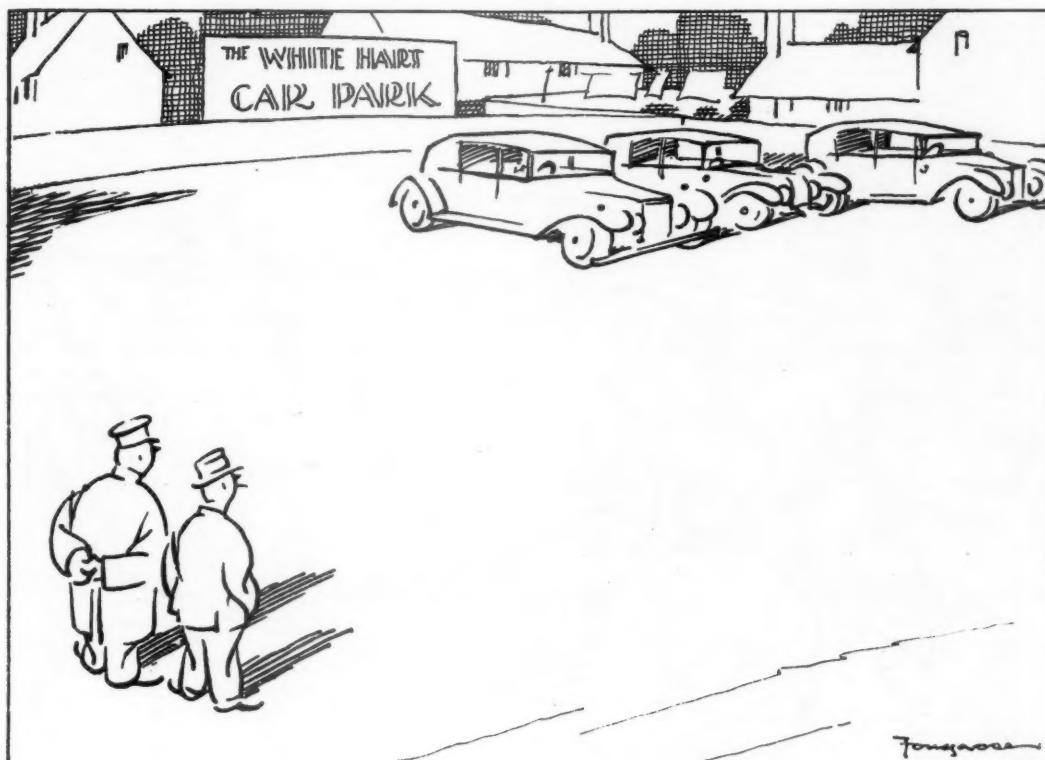
OPPORTUNITIES SEIZED.

At the 6th the players seemed to become more alive to the inviting opportunities which the terms of their match allowed, for here each kicked the other's ball into the quarry, General Forcursue ably frustrating his opponent from doing it again by giving him a sharp rap on the knuckles with his niblick.

Coming to the 7th green, the General seemed to have the hole in his pocket as he was then lying some two feet from the pin in 3, Mr. Nutmeg being still off the green in the same number of strokes. But the old proverb about "many a slip twixt cup and lip" was fully exemplified, for Nutmeg halved the hole by getting his caddie to surreptitiously tie a piece of linen thread (the binding from an old and broken cleek) round Forcursue's putter and to give it a sharp jerk as he was putting.

FAIR SEX EMBARRASSED.

This temporarily caused the General to lose control of himself, at which several ladies put up their parasols and endeavoured to stop their ears; but the crowd generously set things right by applauding loudly, so giving him an



"SO YOU'VE GOT SOME GUESTS ALREADY?"
 "NO—THEM'S JUST DECOYS."

opportunity to cool off under cover of their vociferations.

Ding-dong golf for the 8th, 9th and 10th left the match still square, but at the 11th General Forcursue once more took the lead by throwing his cap over his opponent's ball just as it was about to enter the hole for a half. Mr. Nutmeg, however, countered well by taking the 12th, when he successfully opened his golf umbrella in his opponent's face on four separate occasions, and although the General hooked his putter round Nutmeg's ankle at the next hole he was just too late to pull him off his balance.

NECK AND NECK.

From this point until the 18th, each player favoured the vocal "put off," General Forcursue squaring the match at the 14th by shouting out "Battalion—Shun!" whenever his opponent was at the top of his swing; Mr. Nutmeg regaining his lead at the 15th by means of a well-placed string of Chinese oaths, while the 16th and 17th were both halved, Forcursue using a mix-

ture of high-pitched goat bleats and the hunting call of the Anubis Baboon, and Mr. Nutmeg relying on Swayne's Hartebeest calling for its young (greatly amplified).

STIRRING FINISH.

Mr. Nutmeg came therefore to the 18th tee one up, but from here on the strain of the match began to tell on him, for shortly after driving off, the General, hardened campaigner that he still is, sang the Eton Boating Song without ceasing and, although his opponent made a very gallant reply with a lengthy Swiss yodel, he suddenly wilted when his tongue became caught up underneath his dental plate, and apparently losing his nerve he gave up the hole some hundred yards from the green. Immediately afterwards he was seen to fall heavily forward on his face, at the same time calling loudly for strong stimulants. This memorable match thus ended all square.

Later in the day a luncheon party was given by the Club to the two players, when a cheque for £19 13s. 2d.,

the proceeds of the Gate, was handed to the Secretary of the Roughover Down At Heels Society amidst great applause.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

23rd July, 1936.

DEAR WHELK,—I enclose cheque for £2 2s., which please send on to the Secretary of the R.D.A. Heels Society.

I found my game with Nutmeg distinctly stimulating, and should like to show my appreciation in some tangible form.

Yours sincerely,
 ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—I was surprised that N. lasted the pace as well as he did, but I was a bit off colour (liver), which may account for my not being able to give him a *coup de grâce* early on.

P.S. 2.—Tell the Secretary of the R.D.A. Heels Society to write to N., and say I sent five guineas. N. is always tight about money and it will do him good to come up to scratch.

G. C. N.



Magistrate. "SOCIETY MUST BE PROTECTED AGAINST DESPERADOES LIKE YOU!"

Golden Jubilee.

It was in Stanley Park that I noticed her, near the Lumberman's Arch and not far from the figurehead of the old *Empress of Japan*.

"It's my birthday," she said, "and I've been having parties and parties and parties—and just the loveliest presents."

"You must be very lucky," I suggested, "or very popular."

She smiled.

"They tell me I've grown so fast for my age. Do you think so? I'm fifty. Now, please, *please* don't call me a very young city. I'm really *quite* grown-up. Daddy—they call him the Mayor, you know—has given me a real City Hall for my birthday. With a statue of Captain GEORGE VANCOUVER. I'm called after him."

I looked away from her for a moment. Was the old *Empress of Japan* really bowing to her younger namesake sailing up Burrard Inlet?

The voice by my side went on.

"There are lots of things they don't think I remember. Ssshhh, and I'll tell you. They used to call me GRANVILLE. Long before that I hadn't a name at all."

"I wonder where I was then. Where do baby cities come from? I must have been somewhere, mustn't I?"

I might have told her that cities are born of dreams and sweat, but who could talk so seriously as that to a pretty little lady on her birthday?

"I'm beginning to remember," she said slowly. "I was with the Indians. Long, long ago Sir FRANCIS DRAKE sailed up here, but he didn't actually see me. That was the time I cried and cried, and he and all his sailors got so wet and cold that they just sailed down the coast again and home to QUEEN ELIZABETH. I forget why I cried. It's such a very long time ago. Old Uncle Raven—Thunderbird, they called him—had been terribly angry about something. Then—oh, long after

that—Captain VANCOUVER came. If you go down to Petersham, Richmond, near London, you'll see some of my trees planted near his grave."

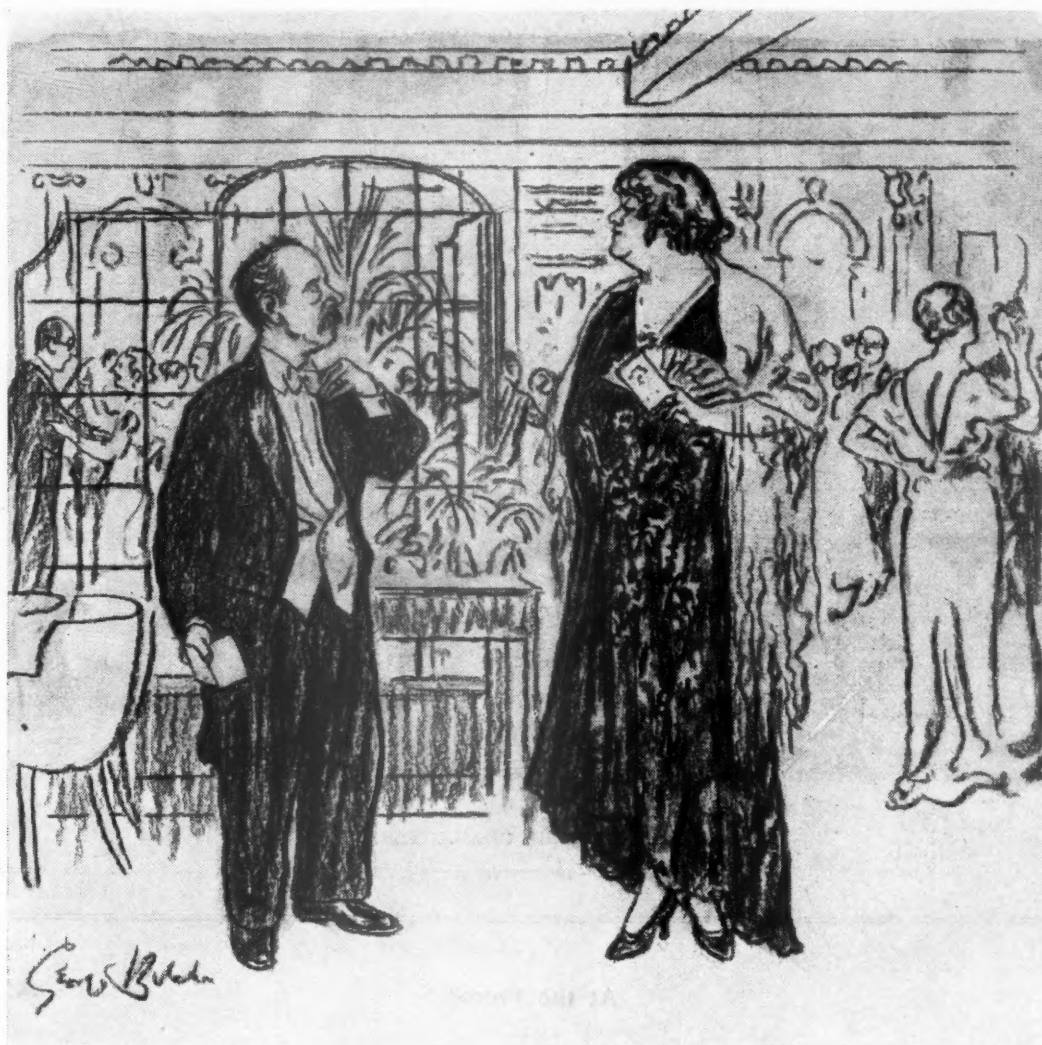
She shook out her pretty skirts. They looked like sprays of Douglas fir, cedar and hemlock, and the frills were the colour of sandy beaches in the sun. A most bewitching young person, never in the same place or dress for two minutes together! There she was, now, in a bathing-suit on the high diving-board at English Bay. She called out to me.

"I'm having all the fun in the world in this park on my birthday. Daddy said I was to play here. Have you seen my electric fountain?"

She gave me no chance to reply. A scarlet flash through the air, a splash in the water—goodness, where was she?

Why, there she was, waving from a neat little cutter just drawing away from the Yacht Club.

"For the love of Pete!" said a voice



"MUST APOLOGISE FOR MY DANCING. I'M A LITTLE STIFF FROM BADMINTON."
 "MY DEAR MAN, I DON'T CARE WHERE YOU COME FROM."

beside me. "Are you going to stand dreaming there all day?"

We moved through the park. She was wearing a dance-frock of a hundred colours and a shimmery evening-cloak. Strains of music came from the "Malkin Bowl."

"There's dancing in the park every night just now. Shall we go?"

"Dancing in the park?"

My tone must have said more than my words.

"Now don't go and be high-hat. Some of them were like that, but now half the Social Register are doing it."

"Oh, but haven't I told you? This

is the most exciting thing of all about my birthday. Just guess who's come to my party. The LORD MAYOR OF LONDON! He's here to-day. He's brought me a present. Daddy told me, so it's quite true. I wonder what it is."

She had disappeared again. For a moment I was sure I saw her on skis on the top of Grouse Mountain. Or was she only hiking along Hollyburn Ridge?

No. There she was sitting beside me in the roadster, stepping on the gas while we spun along Marine Drive at lightning speed. "That's Spanish Bank

we're passing. We often have swimming parties and beach fires there."

She was silent for some seconds.

"I wonder what it will be."

I knew, but was not going to spoil things by telling her.

She drew a long breath.

"Do you know," she said solemnly,

"I believe it's going to be a VERY GROWN-UP present!"

An Impending Apology.

"The Court was entirely filled when Sir Rollo Graham-Campbell, the Chief Magistrate, took his seat on the bench."

Evening Paper.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

LOVE OF DETECTIVE FICTION.

At the Proms.

THOUGH the Proms are well on in their forties,
 No signs of decline I detect,
 And deny that this faithful report is
 Rose-coloured in any respect;
 For the annual scenes of rejoicing
 Revealed on the opening night
 Were more joyous than ever in voicing
 Full-throated and grateful delight.

The programme was wisely eclectic,
 Beginning with ELGAR'S "Cockaigne,"
 Which is never fantastic or hectic,
 But natural, genial and sane—
 Neither HANDEL nor WAGNER forgetting,
 Nor GRIEG nor the humours of STRAUSS,
 Till the Magyar march, in the setting
 Of BERLIOZ, brought down the house.

For solos we had LISA PERLI,
 Who managed as *Mimi* to set
 The crown on her notable early
 Achievements as DORA LABBETTE.
 ARTHUR FEAR was sonorous and tragic
 And shone as the Flying Old Dutch,
 And BROSA'S executive magic
 Had just the right MENDELSSOHN touch.

Sir HENRY deserved his ovation,
 And happily wore, as I think,
 The suitable shade of carnation
 To match his perennial pink;
 And the band was a true band of brothers,
 Though sisters it freely admits,
 And as paramount chief of all others
 Miss WILSON, *dux femina*, sits.

C. L. G.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"Covert Shoot."

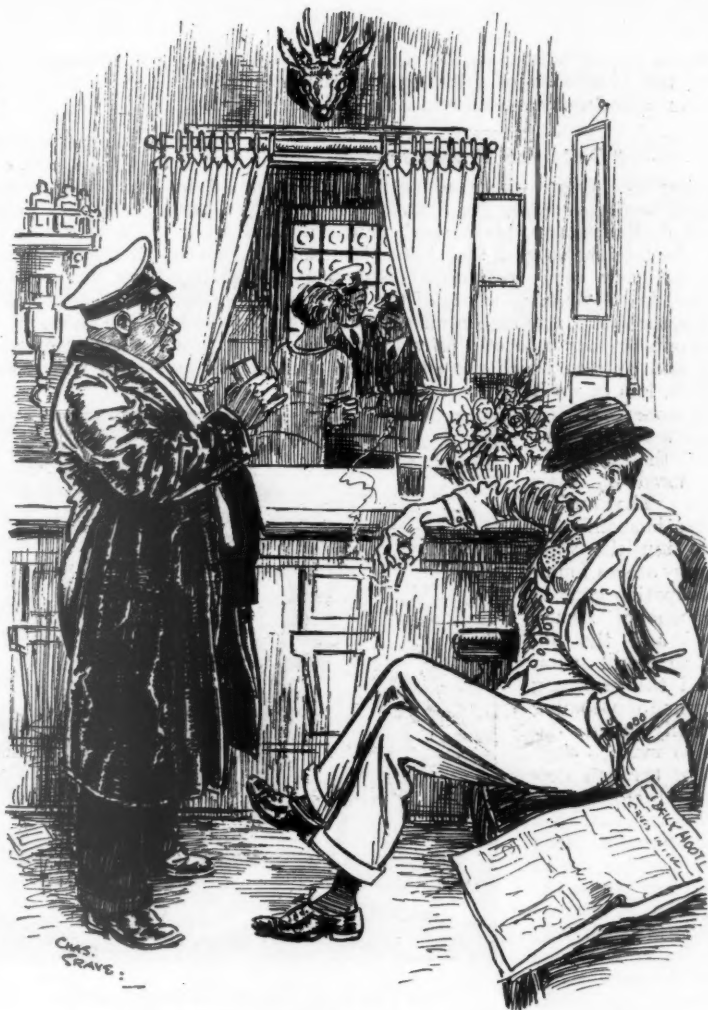
PHILIP ALLAN prints for us
Another of the series
"The Sportsman's Library"; and thus
Our *Pheasant Shooting* here is;
The Pheasant is by LESLIE SPRAKE—
How well he knows that same bird!
But Mr. SPRAKE would take the cake
On any kind of game bird.

Per egg and coop and rearing-field
The future we determine,
No facts of "feed" go unrevealed,
We're taught to tackle vermin
And how to prize our pretty dicks
By covert, corn and clover,
And all the tricks when tap o' sticks
Must up and up 'em over.

Now had you new become the squire
And "shooting" your new toy was,
Did *pheasants* seem the heart's desire—
Tall pheasants tall as Troy was,
Forthwith I'll counsel you to get
This book with all endeavour,
To aid, abet and make yours yet
The best run manor ever.

Sketches for a Story.

Those who want to learn what war looks like to the participant may be safely directed to read *Love and Strife* (RICHARDS, 7/6), in which Mr. WILFRID EWART left behind him some remarkably vivid pictures of life at the Front in Flanders. The book, it seems, was discovered in November of last year, together with some other unpublished writings that had been lost since the author's death. The story of the "young man who shall be known by the name of *Michael Urquhart*," is clearly that of EWART himself. We are told what he was like as a boy—a very difficult boy—at school; we are given an account of his first love-affair, with a married woman, and its sudden end; and then comes the fateful year of 1914, and *Michael* secures a commission in the Guards and we follow him to the Front. He is wounded and sent home: there is a short interlude, an "Incident on Leave" with a woman met by chance in the London streets; and then we suddenly are faced with a change of style. The first half is retrospective, written in the third person; the rest, professedly jotted down at odd moments in the trenches or in billets, is in the first person. In short, the book is a collection of sketches which might eventually, had the author lived, become a connected story. Enthusiastic reviewers have spoken of WILFRID EWART as one of our greatest masters of the "literature of atmosphere," and, though the expression is slightly misty, there is no doubt that he contrives to reproduce the life of those half-forgotten days with considerable accuracy. Perhaps the best chapter of all is that in which he describes his return to the home of his ancestors after demobilisation.



The Pilot. "THE BEST POST-WAR PERIOD WAS THE BOOM OF 1920 TO 1924. DON'T YOU THINK SO?"

The Stranger. "I DIDN'T NOTICE MUCH DIFFERENCE IN DARTMOOR."

The Frenchman Who Wouldn't Grow Up.

It is a thousand pities that the "regionalism" which has inspired such admirable French fiction should cross to England in an inadequate and unattractive guise. "*Chaque province de France*," says MAURICE BARRÈS, "*est une manière spéciale de sentir*"; and those who have savoured Limousin with CHARLES SILVESTRE or Languedoc with LUCIEN FABRE will regret that Beaujolais has had no better interpreter than M. GABRIEL CHEVALLIER, whose *Clochemerle* (SECKER AND WARBURG, 8/6) is now put forward as a French best-seller. There is—it is a commonplace of criticism—undoubtedly a large French public for crude and simple jokes dealing with elementary physical processes; and for those who share this characteristic Gallic taste the laboured squalor of M. CHEVALLIER's handling of village life may have its charms. But an England which loves its France, which has encountered something cleaner and fresher in

print or in life, or both; which has chuckled at French local politics with the amused tenderness these rivalries inspire in the mere onlooker; which has watched the mayor array the forces of secularism against the curé, and the curé muster the battalions of faith against the mayor, will regret an opportunity missed and a travesty substituted.

"Gaily the Troubadour—"

Neither the singer whose adventures are recorded in *Sailing Troubadour* (SEELEY, SERVICE & Co., 10/6), nor Mrs. B. J. KLITGAARD, his "mate" nautically and otherwise, who tells the story of their joint vicissitudes, seems to have had very much cause for displaying the quality indicated in the opening words of the once-popular ditty. Yet it is, surprisingly enough, an unquenchable gaiety which is the outstanding note of this valiant little *Odyssey*, a gaiety and courage which rise superior to such details as ill-health, loss of work and of money, and the various set-backs and rebuffs the voyagers encountered on their travels. The author and her husband, the latter a musician who, like many others, found his occupation gone in consequence of "canned music" and the depression, and then suffered the crowning misfortune of becoming practically blind, decided to make a singing tour through Belgium and Holland in their boat, an ex-Naval sailing pinnacle fitted with an engine. Mrs. KLITGAARD wrote the greater part of her narrative "in such odd moments as could be spared between bouts of washing-up, cooking, cleaning ship, navigating and, when Skip sang, taking round the hat." Her style is pleasant, frank and friendly, and her multifarious occupations have not prevented her from observing both the people and places on the *Talofa's* route, and setting down the results of her observation in attractive fashion.

Redemption.

Mr. RICHARD SALE gets a flying start in *Not Too Narrow . . . Not Too Deep* (CASSELL, 7/6), for almost at once ten convicts contrive to escape in a sloop from the Guiana. The escaping party (of whom we are mercifully given a list) varied from men convicted of pardonable offences to those whose crimes were quite detestable. To these ten men an eleventh came, and he took control of this curious crew and brought relief to those who were not hopelessly diseased. That is perhaps a crude way of describing a tale that demands attention, even if it does not carry complete

conviction with it. For one or two reasons I cannot recommend Mr. SALE's story of escape to the squeamish, but in the main it conveys a message of faith and healing, and the adventures of the eleven men in a boat are vividly portrayed.

Mummies.

Mr. ANDREW SOUTAR presents a really ingenious gang of thieves in *The Museum Mystery* (HUTCHINSON, 3/6), and gives his overweening investigator, *Phineas Spinnet*, more than one perplexing problem to solve. As a deducer *Phineas* is on his way to take a place among the elect, but if his vanities were curbed he would be more human and far less irritating. In this tale, however, the prize for subtlety is not won by the detectives but by the malefactors, who after long and elaborate preparations contrived to make a successful raid upon a museum. In an extensive acquaintance with sensational fiction I have seldom encountered a crime that was so cleverly engineered.

A Wicked Woman.

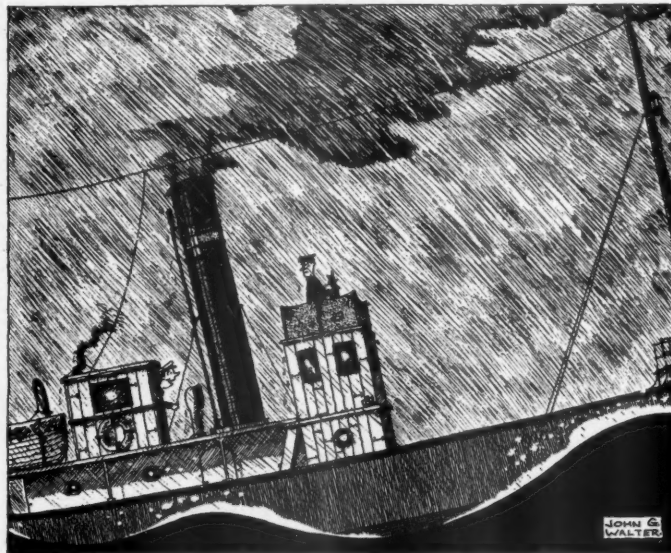
The Shadow in the House (COLLINS, 7/6) would lack originality and distinction were it not for a remarkable portrait of an old lady. *Mrs. de Liane*, to all appearances charming, was as cruel as she was subtle, and when she got a wretched girl into her clutches tragedy was at once in the air. This girl's copy-book, it must be admitted, was not unblotted, nor is it easy to believe that anyone in her senses would behave as she did. In fact, Mr. MAXWELL MARCH is by no means indisposed to make heavy demands upon his readers' credulity. But when this is

said a story packed with thrills and kidnappings remains, and to its end *Mrs. de Liane* dominates every scene in which she appears.

"Contrariwise."

SOME children have attractive ways,
But neither you nor I
Can long endure the awful child
Who keeps on asking "Why?"
Cerulea Anne is not like that:
She looks, then comes a pause—
"That man has got a funny face;
It's dirty: what because?"

"Tail coats and white ties are absolutely necessary, which is most unusual these days anywhere on the Continent. I have trailed mine about Europe for years."—*Gossip Writer*.
Why not have them shortened?



"No, I COULDN'T GET THE SHIPPING FORECAST—NOT WITHOUT CUTTING INTO THE SYMPHONY FROM STUTTGART."

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